

near, and in response to this cry nearly the whole of Southwest France and the islands off the coast rose in revolt. In a few weeks forty thousand men had joined the movement, and the scene enacted at Chateauneuf was repeated all over the country. The insurrectionists did not stop short at battering in the prison doors and freeing the salt smugglers and other inmates. At Saintes and Cognac, for instance, they sacked the houses of the receivers-general and other members of the fiscal hierarchy. Two of these they maltreated in a shocking fashion and pitched into the Charente, near Cognac, with the ironic exhortation, "Go, you damned gabelleurs, salt the fish of the Charente." The revolutionary spirit, whetted by pillage, was carried by the peasants of the neighbouring districts to Bordeaux, and soon proved too strong for the governor, Moneins, and the town council to control. Moneins assumed a valiant mien, and tried intimidation. He was interrupted in the midst of his speech by democratic cries against tyranny. At the sound of the tocsin the peasants and the townspeople flocked to arms against the governor and the garrison. Even the president and the councillors of the Parliament, and other high personages, were compelled to doff their robes for pike and sailor cap (*bonnets a la matelot*), and look on at the pillaging of the dwellings of obnoxious gabelleurs. Moneins persuaded himself to try the effect of another speech under the protection of the town councillors. A wiser man would have stayed behind the strong walls of the castle (Chateau Trompette). The luckless orator was cut in pieces in the town house for his pains ; the garrison was forced to surrender, and further pillage and massacre gave expression to the rage of the populace, before the more orderly element succeeded in getting the upper hand and restoring tranquillity.

The tidings of this outbreak reached Henry in Piedmont, whither he had gone to receive the homage of his Italian subjects and inspect his troops. It was a jarring note in the joyous harmony of courtly festivity. Henry, like his father, could enjoy the frivolous amusements of a giddy court, whilst the bulk of the population of a large district of his kingdom was being maddened by hunger and injustice into a rising in self-defence. The jar in the joyous dream of those advent days roused the ire of the monarch and the gay gentlemen